

# Dance

Bambi pursed her lips in concentration, squinting her eyes. She had to get the right angle for the pictures she was sending to Johnathon. She grabbed her dad's shaving mirror, sending him a silent apology before reaching down with her phone camera. She sucked in her *everything* and took about fifty pictures. She spent an hour finding the perfect five to send to Johnny. She ran out of the bathroom and plopped on to her bed.

To 313-575-8799: Hey john I got a gift for u! U want it?

734-983-6472 Received: Yeah of course babe! I love any gift from you!

To 313-575-8799: <nudes>

734-983-6472 Received: Oh, oh wow. Baby- I'm speechless

Bambi giggled and lay back on her bed. She was so happy that he liked her "gift". Her and Johnathon had been going strong for a year now, but this was the first time she'd tried something so daring. She could not wait to see his face tomorrow. She fell into a restful sleep, dreams of Johnathon in her mind.

At school, Bambi ran up to Johnathon squealing, interrogating him about what he thought of his gift. He laughed and rubbed her shoulders. "Of course I loved it. Thank your mom for sending my family the chocolates by the way!" Bambi tilted her head in confusion before realizing Johnathon must be pretending not to know about the nudes because they were in public. She nodded slowly, grabbing his hand and dragging him into the school.

"Huh-Whore." Someone coughed. She knew that voice anywhere. Ezekiel Smith, also known as Zeke or Easy. He had hated her since the seventh grade when she rejected his invitation to the Fall Festival. He had been giving her shit every day as much as he could. Quite frankly it was getting childish. She rolled her eyes and flipped him off. He simply laughed and made a jerking off motion towards her.

Bambi was in her most boring class when she decided she needed to go to the bathroom. She got her pass signed by the drunken teacher and left the room. She walked to the bathroom and slid into the handicapped stall. Bambi pulled out her phone and headphones and turned on Hulu. She was behind on a couple of tv shows. She was halfway through an episode when she got a notification from Johnathon's number. She whined, the show was just getting good.

734-983-6472 Received: Hey baby, meet me in the music hallway? I got something as thanks for your gift.

Bambi cooed at his consideration before getting off of the toilet. Her butt was starting to hurt anyway. She made her way to the music hallway with a sedate pace, not wanting to seem desperate. She arrived in the empty hallway, looking for Johnathon. She shrugged, he must not have gotten here yet. She took out her phone and began playing games. About two minutes later she heard shuffling in the hall. Looking up she saw that it was just a teacher.

"Bambi you know there are no classes in this hall until after lunch right?" He asked confusedly.

"Free period." She curtly replied. He nodded and smiled, walking away waving. Five minutes later Bambi heard more footsteps. Thinking that it was another teacher she ignored the sound and

# Dance

continued playing on her phone. Then she heard his snicker. Zeke had a laugh that you could never forget. She looked up disgusted.

“What do you want asshole?!” She cried.

“I just wanted to tell you to always double-check who you are texting.” He said with no explanation of his sentence.

“Oh, great, thanks.” She answered sarcastically, rolling her eyes.

“Did you know that Johnathon and I were number neighbors?” Bambi paled as the implications settled in. “I get texts meant for him all the time, and vice versa. Imagine my surprise when I get nudes from the girl I hate the most!” Zeke is positively gleeful.

“Ezekiel, please don’t spread them! I know you hate me but I don’t deserve that!” Bambi begged.

“And what are you gonna do for me to make sure I don’t spread these? I agree you don’t deserve to have these spread... but nothing is free in life is it? So what are you gonna do so I keep my mouth shut, and my messages empty?” Zeke looks her over critically. She feels like crying but she sucks it up and looks Zeke in the eye.

“Whatever you want. Need. Desire. J-just don’t ruin my life. Please.” A ruined life would be far better than what happened next. Zeke grabbed her thick, curly hair and dragged her from her seat. She begged him to let her walk to their destination but he only pulled harder. She was taken to a boys’ bathroom that looked like its only purpose was for students to do drugs in. She began crying because she could see where this was going. Zeke threw her against one of the sinks and eagerly pulled down his pants. Bambi cowered under the sink she had been thrown onto. Zeke pushed his face into hers, grinning. “Come on doe, wouldn’t want anything getting spread would we? Well except for you of course.” He giggled and clapped his hands.

When I was a little girl, I was forced to take ballet. I danced for my mother for hours on end. Sometimes I danced until my feet bled. I thought then that I was being forced to dance. But I have never been forced to dance a dance like this before...